THE DODGE CITY TIMES.

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NICHOLAS B. KLAINE, - EDITOR.

AMID THE GRASSES!

Come! live in innocence again,
Sweet soul of mine;
And weave once more the tender daisy-chain,
And ringlets of the dandelion fine!
Come, sing and croon and chant,
Here is as aching want
Of Past or Present;
Here honey-bird is found,
And creeping o'er the ground
Mellow sunbeams pleasant!

Come! live in tender joys and sweet embraces
Of bird-notes dropping hither,
All in the golden autumn weather,
All in the grasses and gray leaves together,
And see how eyes shine out from fair young faces
In gentians blue, that catch the thistle's feather;
Come, breathe and live!
For here grow sweet all gracious things to give.
Here noddeth fine
My Lady Columbine;
Jacket and Breeches, some do call her,
Oh, naughty name! She is my Lady Columbine!
May no ill frost or plucking hand befall her!

Oh, hither come and hide!
Here in the grasses nestle, nestle deep with me!
Here with my bounteous Love and me abide!
Sweet Nature, Queen of all green things that be!
For over all
Some high Spirit mystical,
With vaporous form and golden-dropping hair,
Breathes through the doorway skies—
The mellow-tinted India-summer air—
And offers sacrifice!

Ah! what's so sweet
As the tripping, twinkling feet
Of the brooklet 'neath the willows?
And what, ah! what's so fair
As the summer air,
And the lark high up in its fleecy billows?
Add here in the meadow-land far below
We can listen and catch the streamlet's flow,
And hear the lark till he's out of sight
In the breezy blue above the hill,
And watch the sunbeams drop and fill
Each little flower-cup with delight:
For here the shadows are soft and still—

Hist! be hushed as a startled mole
Curled in its cradle; for over the knoll
I see the soft brown twitching ear
Of the shy gray rabbit peeping!
He thinks that we are sleeping—
Nature and I! Ha, ha!
And soon more near
He'll crouch his form and crop the hill-side tender;
And if the winds blow by,
He knows them, knows them just as well as I,
Nor fears their shrill pipes slender.
Hear how aloft the old crows caw!—
Ca! ca!—
Wicked black crows that fill their maw
With pretty field-fays. What a shame!
Here's one that built his nest close by,
Last summer, and the grasses lie
Trampled by the path he came.

See! here deep down are mosses and sweet ferns,
And meadow-fire that burns:
Love's torch, they call it rather,
Or Cupid's cup, if maidens pluck and gather.
Here's Indian-pipe, the fairies smoke:
They light it by the meadow-fire,
And here's the magic ring they broke
When dancing to their cricket choir.
And here are spicy mints,
And club-head Beltens full of freakish dints
Of toothsome elves, and print
Of winding pathways thro' the reedy grasses,
Where, hurrying wild, the emmet's army passes:
Here dainty roads,
Where, shining soft, the velvet-coated toads,
Crushing the herbage, pant when rain is over,
Hopping to meet their loves in musky clover:

And here the field-mouse comes,
Stealing sweet Nature's crumbs—
Seeds that she plants for mice and birds unheeded:
Far from the cark of men
She stores her wealth of grain—
Way-side farms by walls, brier-grown and over-weeded.
Here, here I watch them come—
The wild bee with his drum:
The tilting dragon-fly with azure wing:
The painted moths: and lo!
With his sharp, wiry bow,
The elbowed grasshopper, with sudden spring
Setting the thickets brown in wild commotion:
While fluttering down like shells through some blue ocean,
In undulations rhythmically slow,
Through the blue-misted air of autumn lucid—
Purple as Tyrian tides, and interfused
With incense odors of all sweet shrubs bruised—
The splendid wide-winged maple leaflets mellow!

Here still are buttercups, so silvery yellow:
And here sweet winter-green, with berries red.
And here from nodding head
The feathery dandelion soweth wide
Her venturous parachutes: how light
They mount the breeze, and vanish from the sight!
And here low-couched abide,
And creeping softly slide
Arbutus tendrils through the rustling grass,
Waiting for snows to pass,
To breathe once more the verdure of the spring.
And here on wing
Come the sharp sparrows, and late robins sing
Their farewells. So, farewell!
The light doth pass
From sky and vale and mountain
As from some spent and golden-watered fountain.
So, farewell!
While through the meadow-grass
Crickets and restless midge and night-wings rally
Their forces far and near,
And fill the ear
With pantings of soft plumes and rustlings clear,
And music shrill and high, through the long dusky valley.

—*William M. Briggs, in Harper's Magazine.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

MARK TWAIN fathers three books and five children.

W. H. SINGERLY, of the Philadelphia *Record*, has fallen heir to $700,000.

REPRESENTATIVE ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is reported to be now in better health than at any time for years past.

SALVINI will speak Italian during his tour next winter in this country, while the subordinate parts in Shakespeare's tragedies will be in English.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, the composer, has written and sent to the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of the Dominion, a Canadian National hymn.

A RECENT photograph of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, taken by a Mobile artist, represents that lady in the plainest of black dresses, with a quaint little white cap on her head.

MISS GERTRUDE GRISWOLD, a niece of Bret Harte, has won this year the chief honor in the concours de chant of the Paris Conservatoire—the first instance of its being accorded to an English-speaking person.

THE Rev. S. F. Smith, who wrote "My Country 'Tis of Thee," is still living in Newton, Mass. He says he wrote the verses on a waste scrap of paper one dismal day in February, 1832, while at Andover Seminary.

EDWIN BOOTH is to act at the new Princess' Theater, London. The delay in his appearance was caused by his refusal to play Iago to the Othello of Charles Warner, which would in a measure subordinate him to a popular English star.

WILLIAM M. SHIPMAN, of Fair Haven, Conn., the oldest printer in the State, who assisted in setting up the first Webster's Dictionary, and who could set type in Greek, Hebrew and Arabic, died recently at the age of seventy-six years.

MISS BOOTH, the editor of *Harper's Bazar*, who gets $5,000 a year salary, believes in women as workers, but finds that the great majority attempt what they have not fitted themselves for, and consequently make dismal failures, retiring disheartened and ready to rail at the injustice of men.

HUMOROUS.

A DANBURY young man bought an accordeon and took lessons. A month later his wife presented him with an heir. Not being able to hold its own, the accordeon is offered for sale.—*Danbury News.*

MEN whose names are seen oftenest in the public prints are the writers who make certificates of what wonderful things conservative pills or Dr. Tape's vermifuge has done for their constitutions.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WHEN a Vermont farmer came in and said he had been hooked by the bull, he didn't seem to appreciate his wife's sympathetic inquiry: "Oh, John, did he tear your nice new pants?" for he replied: "No, dum ye; I wish it was the pants that he hurt."—*Boston Post.*

EVERY other man you meet these mornings has a fish-pole and all other angling accouterments, and is hurriedly walking toward the good fishing places. The singular thing about it is that you never meet a man coming from the fishing ground. They always sneak home by some cross road. And yet the elastic fish story rolls easily from their tongues the next day.—*New Haven Register.*

"IN closin' dis meetin'," said Brother Gardner, as the usual hour was marked by the clock, "let ebery one o' yer b'ar in mind dat blowin' up a bladder doan' make a bar'l. Git it as full of wind as you may an' its nuffin' but a bladder. De Lawd made each one fur a speshul purpose, an' de chap who was created to use a shovel will git busted ebery time he believes dat he was cut out fur a statesman. We will now be scattered."—*Detroit Free Press.*

COUSIN EMILY (whose young man sits opposite in dreamy contemplation of his inamorata)—"Do you like your new doll, Bertha?" Bertha—"Ei, tuzzin Em'ly; I loves it weal lots, all but one fing." Cousin Emily—"Why, what is that, Bertha?" Bertha—"Dolly's hair will come off; but, tuzzin Em'ly, she isn't a truly lady, oo know, 'cause her toofins wont come out all in a bunch, like oours does, oo know." Which was more than Emily's young man ever dreamed of.—*Boston Transcript.*

A California Lady's Oyster Experience.

I NEVER found anything but once here in excess of my expectations or even approaching them, and that was the New York oysters. I had then just come on from California, where oysters are very small and unimportant, not to say insignificant, and I had often eat a hundred there at a time, and had always felt that I could eat more if I had them. So, when I arrived at the Metropolitan Hotel I ordered my dinner to be served in my room, and told the waiter to bring with my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a hundred raw oysters. He looked at me a moment, and then said:

"Did I understand you to say a hundred oysters?"

"Yes," I answered; "raw, on the half shell, with vinegar; no lemons, and as soon as you can, for I am very hungry."

"Ahem! Miss, do you want a hundred?"

"Yes, I do. What are you waiting for? Must I pay for them in advance? I want nice large ones."

"No, no, mi-s, All right, you shall have them," and he went out. I continued my writing and forgot all about my dinner till he knocked and came in with my dinner on a tray, but no oysters.

"How is this?" said I. "There are no oysters."

"Dey's comin', miss, dey's comin'," and the door opened and in filed taree more sons of Africa's burning sands, each with a big tray of oysters on the half-shell. I was staggered, but only for a moment, for I saw the waiters were grinning, so I calmly directed them to place one tray on a chair, one on the wash-stand and one on the bed, and I said:

"They are very small, aren't they?"

"Oh! no, miss, de bery largest we'se got."

"Very well," said I; "you can go. If I want any more I'll ring."

When they got out into the hall one said to the other:

"Fore goodness, Jo, if she eats all them oysters she's a dead woman."

I did not feel hungry any longer. I drank my coffee and looked at the oysters, every one of them as big as my hand, and they all seemed looking at me with their horrible white faces and out of their one diabolical eye, until I could not have eaten one any more than I could have carved up a live baby. They leered at me and seemed to dare me to attack them. Our California oysters are small and with no more individual character about them than grains of rice, but these detestable creatures were instinct with evil intentions, and I dare not swallow one for fear of the disturbance he might raise in my interior, so I set about getting rid of them, for I was never going to give up beaten before those waiters. I hung a dress over the keyhole after I locked the door, and just outside my window found a tin water spout that had a small hole in it. I carefully enlarged it, and then slid every one of those beastly creatures down one by one—one hundred and two of them—they all the time eyeing me with that cold, pasty look of malignity. When the last one was out of sight I stopped trembling and finished my dinner in peace, and then rang for the waiters. You should have seen their faces! One of the waiters asked if I would have some more. May he never know the internal pang he inflicted upon me; but I replied calmly:

"Not now. I think too many at once might be hurtful."—*Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

One's Own Possessions.

THERE are certain articles of personal property which ought in every household to be recognized and guarded as belonging to the individual, and respected accordingly. Among these, not the least important is the umbrella. In sunny weather an umbrella is almost universally regarded as an incumbrance, and nine out of ten people in the community if the prospects are doubtful, prefer to think that the skies will clear, and leave the umbrella at home. But once let the rain pour down in earnest, and the independent, the envied, the happy person is the person who is provided against the storm. It is droll to observe the flurry and fuss which a rainy morning causes in some improvident circles. Father and the boys, who must go to business, march off with their own special umbrellas, but pretty Susie, delicate little Fred, and careless Will, having none which they can respectively claim, are reduced to the state of explorers and beggars. A corner in the lower hall, from remote and prehistoric times, has been occupied by umbrellas in various states of dilapidation. It is a dim and traditionary spot. Cook has frequently complained of the umbrellas as rubbish, but they have been considered by the authorities too good to throw away, and now they are sought for as for hidden treasure. Alas! as one superannuated, faded, rickety wreck after another is exposed in the light of the dining-room, it is evident that they have seen their best days, and are no more to be trusted for defense and comfort. The older boy trudges off sturdily between the drops, and the little brother and sister find refuge under the reluctantly-lent, fragile, silver-plated, much-prized silken umbrella of the mother, who would fain have kept it from school-room perils. The ordinary and easily taken care, which gives every member of the family his or her special boots and gloves, should extend equally to the umbrella, which in our changeful climate is a necessity and not a luxury. Much inconvenience, many squabbles and a great deal of undignified fretting, would be prevented if each person likely to have out-door business of any kind were always properly equipped to encounter the weather.

Sisters are frequently careless about having their own collars and cuffs, brushes and toilet necessities. One uses another's, perhaps without the ceremony of asking. The result is that the neat and systematic girl is trespassed upon by the disorderly and untidy one. Matilda, who saves her things, whose handkerchiefs are not all in the wash at once, whose ruffles are fluted, her laces in place, her collars unfrayed, is used as a convenience by the giddy Miss Patty, whose bureau drawers are generally in confusion, and whose things are astray here and there about the house. Some free-and-easy families carry this state of affairs even farther, and wear dresses and bonnets in common, so that Lettie is seen in Sarah's gown, and Maria appears as often as Ethel in the latter's hat. In this way all the individuality of costume is lost, and something is sacrificed of the sacredness of personal rights. Mother is, in such a family as this, the amiable victim of her daughters, and the chances are that she never has the means for a complete toilet ready to her hand on the rare occasions when she wants to go out.

It is every way better to be somewhat disobliging in such matters as these than to be too weakly submissive. Well-bred people should be careful to give as little annoyance and trouble in the world as possible, and to that end they must learn to say "No" to themselves if they are tempted to needless borrowing, and to the host of careless borrowers.—*Christian at Work.*

How a Juggler Came to Grief.

A NEGRO juggler recently came to grief in England. He was exhibiting his skill to an admiring crowd on a stand in the market place at Leighton Buzzard, licking red-hot iron, bending heated pokers with his naked foot, burning tow in his mouth, and the like. At last he filled his mouth with benzoline, saying that he would burn it as he allowed it to escape. He had no sooner applied a lighted match to his lips than the whole mouthful of spirit took fire, and before it was consumed the man was burned in a frightful manner, the blazing spirit running all over his face, neck and chest as he dashed from his stand and raced about like a madman, tearing his clothing from him and howling in most intense agony. A portion of the spirit was swallowed, and the inside of his mouth was also terribly burned. He was taken into a chemist's shop and oils were administered and applied; but afterward, in agonizing frenzy, he escaped in a state almost of nudity from a lodging house, and was captured by the police and taken to the workhouse infirmary in a dreadful condition.

THE first lighthouse in America was built at Brant Point, the entrance to Nantucket Harbor, in 1746, and a light was maintained there for forty-five years, through private subscriptions of the merchants of the town, before it passed, in 1791, into the hands of the United States Lighthouse Board.